

The  
Saint  
Andrew's  
College  
Review

Easter  
1910



# Men's Spring Shoes

It will be well worth the journey for any man to come to see our Spring Shoes.

We've the best of Shoes—the sort of Shoes that have made our Shoe business so successful.

Moderate priced Shoes at \$2.00, \$2.50 or \$3.00, or Shoe luxury at \$4.00, \$4.50 or \$5.00. We are showing

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The man who has bought Shoes here will be sure to come again.

The man who has never bought Shoes here can learn something about Shoes if he will only step in "just for a look."

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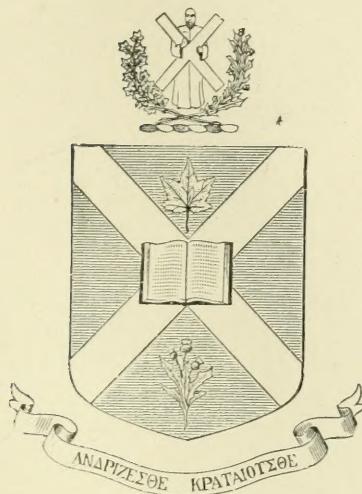
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



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EASTER 1910.

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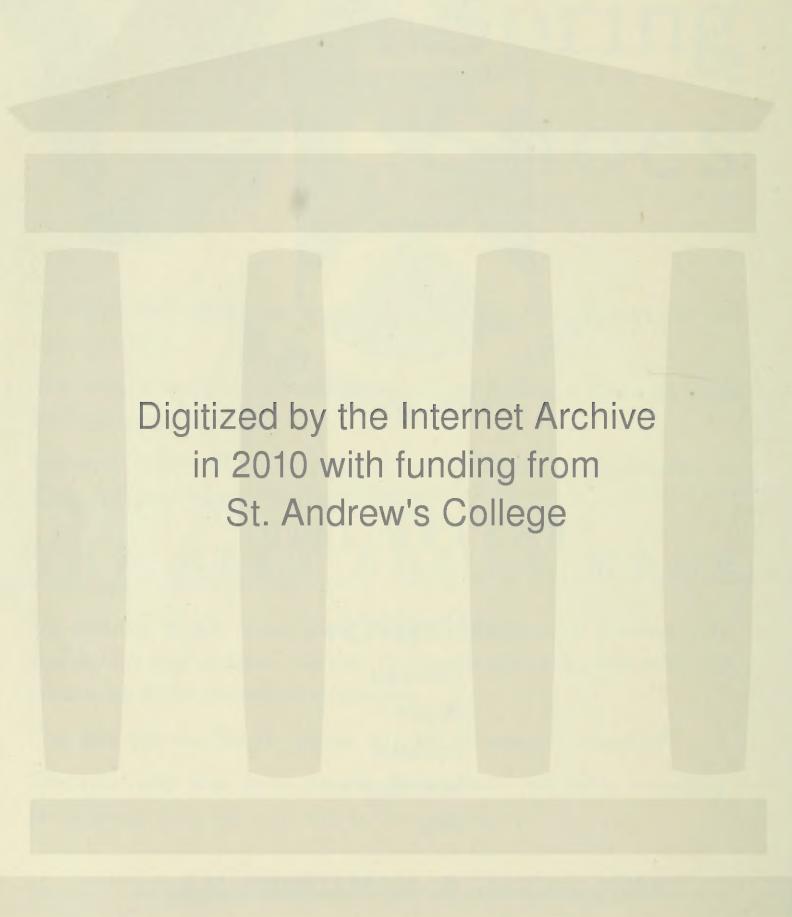
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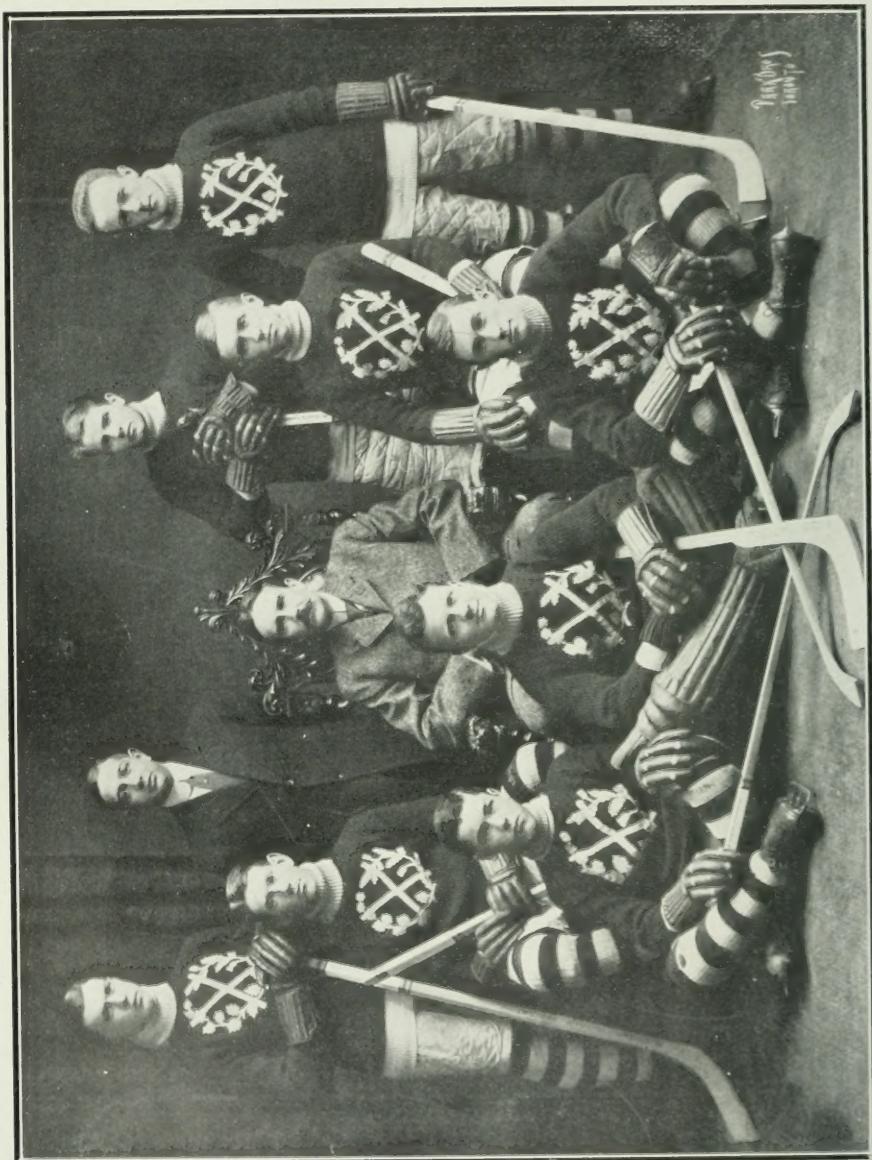
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Issued by the Editorial Committee  
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



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FIRST HOCKEY TEAM.

# St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: G. H. MAGNER, B.A.

EDITORS: PAISLEY, McKEEN I., BEATY I., BELL I.

BUSINESS MANAGER: BEATY II. ASSISTANT MANAGERS: EVANS, SHOOK.

EXCHANGE EDITOR: OLIVER.

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## EASTER, 1910

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### *Editorial.*

In his recent gift to the Cadet Corps our Honorary President, Lord Strathcona, has promoted not only the interests of the College, but those of the country as well. Beyond its physical and moral value, military training is one of the surest means in arousing patriotism; and the significance of this, for educational institutions especially, is being remarked by the statesmen of every nation.

We are proud of our company of the 48th Highlanders, and take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the generosity which will make possible even greater efficiency of the organization.

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To stimulate more widespread interest in writing, and to recognize ability and effort in this phase of school work, were the aims of the Prize Story competition. The result—a goodly number of articles, several of commendable quality—has approved the venture.

In the Upper School McKeen I., Scott I. and Crawford won the first, second and third prizes respectively; and of the Lower School contestants Leckie captured the first prize and Grant III. the second. In congratulating the winners, it is worth while to note, on the part of both schools and universities, an ever-increasing recognition and encouragement of excellence in expression. During the ten years past the number of school journals has increased four-fold, and honors received through these are being regarded as equal in importance to distinctions in scholarship or even athletic sports.

## *Contributed Articles.*

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### **CHINA'S GREAT AWAKENING**

**F**INALLY, after so many years of darkness, China, the once despotic Empire, is to become a constitutional monarchy.

The edicts to this effect were sent forth almost two years ago by the Empress-Dowager. The highest officials have for a few years past watched very closely the modern methods of government, and in August, 1908, the plan for a new constitution and a national parliament, eight years hence, was published.

Since then the Chinese have been studying parliamentary law and preparing themselves for self-government. Debating societies have been formed to discuss Western civilization. The Governors have established schools, and travelling lecturers are nightly giving talks throughout the land. Municipal councils have been formed, and the aged city fathers themselves are attending night schools. In fact, the whole great land of China, with its four hundred millions of people, has entered on a quiet, systematic revolution.

The Manchus, who for centuries past ruled one-quarter of the world, have suddenly given up their power to the populace. It is started without bloodshed and enmity, for it is a progressive movement, which is to occupy nine years of time. China has hated to humiliate herself before the Western nations, and now she is determined to win her place, as Japan has so surprisingly done. Almost all the well-known statesmen of China have offered their ideas of reformation to the Commission of Constitutional Reform. This body of six men has been given, as its special function, the work of gathering and compiling information about constitutional government abroad that will comply with China's needs. The following programme is the direct product of this board, and it was put into force by the late Empress-Dowager.

After her death, when everyone expected riot and massacre, the new Prince Regent proclaimed that these reforms should be continued.

The first year was devoted to the preparation of the people for the provincial assemblies, including the opening of schools for the

studying of self-government in all the cities and villages. It has been surprising how many schools have sprung up since then. Dark, dingy temples have been transformed into well-ventilated and well-lighted schoolhouses; and now we find a regular system of education along modern lines being carried on. English textbooks are used in the majority of cases, and the learning of English is essential in most prescribed courses of study. Many of the colleges are capable of giving degrees which are recognized by our best universities.

Last year the members were elected to the provincial assemblies, and already they are organized. The first session was closed last fall, and full reports were sent from each assembly to the Grand Council in Pekin.

This year will bring in a new code of laws and punishments. The old system of courts has been abolished, and a circuit of courts is under the supervision of the High Court of Justice. This is the final court of appeal, but its functions are less those of an appellate court than those of a Court of Revision and Supervision, held responsible for the proper administration of justice.

Next year a new system of taxation—let us hope it will be without graft, as heretofore—will commence, under the supervision of the Revenue Council. They will have supreme authority over the Imperial Maritime Customs, and will set all revenues. As the cultivation of the opium poppy has been forbidden, a tax has been set on the import of liquors to counterbalance the loss effected by the expulsion of opium.

The sixth year of reform continues the preparation of the people for the National Parliament.

The following year the government revenues and expenditures will be reorganized. Already the Prince Regent has had a conference with the leading officials, and the following resolutions were passed: first, that palace and government expenses are to be cut down; second, a uniform currency and reformed system of taxation are to be established; third, a budget is to be issued annually, and a means to pay off foreign debts devised. The Board of Finance will be formed, and a new system of coinage, currency, banking laws, loans and general financial matters will be enacted.

In the ninth year the imperial constitution will be enforced, and the Imperial Parliament will be in session in Pekin. This is but

an outline of the programme which is to create a thorough change to modern methods.

Law schools are to be opened all over the country for the reforming of the courts. A modern army is being formed; a system of education is being organized; everything is to proceed gradually till all is prepared, and then China will take her place among the other world powers.

The educational system is advancing rapidly. In 1908, easy text-books, along modern lines, were compiled. This year, text-books are being published, and the use of these only will be enforced. This is to continue till 1912, when China hopes to have a public school in every village and market town. The nation, as a whole, is not educated: perhaps ten in a thousand can read and write. By 1913, those who have studied the matter say, one in every hundred should be able to read and write, and the following year one in every fifty; while at the close of the period of nine years the proportion should read about one in twenty. It is also said that the new schools will practically create a new system of phonetic writing—a new language for China that may be common to all provinces and cities, and thousands of schools are being organized and tens of thousands are preparing themselves for teachers. Thousands are studying in Japan and the United States. It is wonderful how the old system of examinations has been totally abolished, making it necessary for thousands of classic tutors to find employment elsewhere.

The new constitution is also very rigid. Voters must live in the district for over a year; elections are to be by ballot, and a plurality elects. The voters must be able to read and write, and their family records must be unblemished. Opium sots or bad characters are forbidden; as also are bullies, criminals, and people of low profession. This grants perfect liberty for any ordinary person to become one of the members of parliament. The freedom of the press is another clause of the great constitution.

The Emperor, naturally, is supreme in all matters. He is to be commander of the army and navy, and he holds the right to declare war or peace. He will also have the right to pardon. He has the privilege to appoint, promote, or degrade all officials at will. Though it may seem that thus the Emperor might be despotic, public opinion will go a long way in cutting these liberties down to a mere pittance.

China has twenty-two provinces, and each will have its own provincial legislature, the number of seats varying as to the number of literary graduates and the amount of its grain tax. There will be about 1,677 Chinese and twenty-five Manchu members in the provincial parliaments. All members must have been connected with some educational work for five years, or be a graduate of some middle school, an M.A., or a retired official of good standing, and worth at least five thousand dollars.

In the reorganization of the government and the beginning of new industries, a large force of civil, mechanical and mining engineers will be needed. A new system of coinage will be established, and banks and mints will be formed. The postoffice system will be overhauled, and as for the railroads, thousands of miles of new lines are already projected, and much new track is being laid in different parts of the Empire.

It seems incredible that so much can be going on in so large a country without the slightest idea of any such thing entering into the minds of some of our people. Such is the case, and even though we do not know much about it, many able statesmen are watching closely the great "Yellow Peril."

J. J. EVANS,

*Lower VI.*



Now Smile! Hastey.

**ALPHA AND OMEGA**

FIRST PRIZE STORY.

**T**HE principal hotel of the flourishing Western town was crowded with men—men of all sorts and conditions, from the jovial, chap-clad cowboys, who leaned on the bar and joked with the bar-maid while they drank vile rum and smoked viler Mexican cigarettes, to the red-faced, white-whiskered millionaire, with pearl buttons in his spacious vest, who sipped champagne in the sun room, while many sharp-eyed gentlemen, dressed to the extremes of fashion, rushed to and fro with handfuls of money, offering alluring odds on the outcome of the great fight which was to take place on the morrow.

Hither I had come, over some three thousand miles of the American continent, to see my old school friend, Vic Verner, battle for the lightweight championship of the world.

I was just entering the dining-room to sample the dinner menu when, to my delight and surprise, I came face to face with Angel Atkins, manager of Vic Verner, and till the day he left, the leading light in every rough-house that took place at school; hence his nickname.

When we had finished shaking hands and inquiring about each other's health, we placed ourselves at the first vacant table, and while a worried-looking waiter was busying himself with our order, Angel, at my earnest request, launched into the following history of Vic and himself, which I have set down as well as I can remember.

"You know, Vic and I had always been chums at school, from the day we entered the first form till that awful night when we left the Principal's office with our railway tickets in our pockets, and our worthy Head-master's sound advice to turn over a new leaf still ringing in our ears.

"We were about as different as two fellows could be—Vic was an athlete and I was a loafer. His aim in life was to win his triple colors, and clean up every athletic event in the school; mine was to indulge in a minimum amount of exercise and enjoy myself as much as possible.

"We got along fairly well for four or five years till Vic came

back after the Christmas holidays with a fervent passion for playing cards, and as he was never blessed with an over-abundance of sharpness, he was soon heavily in debt, his creditors extending to several sharps down-town, who threatened to squeal if he didn't pay up. So you see poor Vic's lot was not a happy one.

"I remember well one winter afternoon. Vic had come up to my study, and was employing himself adding up long columns of figures. I was sprawling on the lounge before the fire, reading the latest sporting news.

"'I guess there's nothing for it but to get out,' said Vic, as he studied the figures before him.

"'What would you do to earn a hundred dollars?' I said, as my eye fell on a certain item in the newspaper.

"'Anything you can name,' he replied.

"'Well, listen to this:

"'Fight fans of this city will be glad to hear that Jim Turner, lightweight champion of the world, and who will shortly defend his title against Terrible Tim, will be seen at a local theatre next month. The champion, besides his ordinary training exhibition, will offer a hundred dollars to any local pugilist who can stay with him four rounds.'"

"Well, I had never seen such a change take place in a man before. Half a minute ago he was sitting absent-mindedly, with a hopeless look in his eyes; but no sooner had I finished reading than he was shaking my hand, dancing around the room like a madman, and shadow-boxing all at once.

"That was about three weeks before the champion arrived, and I have never seen a man train harder or more faithfully than Vic did then; and he can thank himself that he managed to last his time with Turner, although, when the final bell rang, the referee was at the count of eight, and Vic was lying on the floor of the ring, to all appearances as dead as the proverbial stone.

"There's no sense giving you the details of the fight, as they all came out in the papers next day, and I suppose it was through this, and Vic's battered face, that the 'Head' ultimately caught on. Anyway, he called us into his office and ended a long and eloquent address on the evils of card-playing and prize-fighting by handing us our tickets.

"It happened that that night while we were waiting in the station for our train, that we met Jim Turner. He recognized

us at once, and we told him the whole story; and what do you think he did? You know he was just going into training for his fight with Terrible Tim, so he offered Vic a job as sparring partner, and told me I could come along, too, as a rubber; and as neither of us were looking forward to the reception we would get at home, we easily disposed of our tickets, and went with Turner to his training camp in the mountains.

"That was poor old Jim's last fight. It was the same old story of youth against age, and youth will be served. Jim had the sense to see that his day was done, and that he could never defeat Terrible Tim; but almost his first words, after he woke up, were that he would find a man that would win the laurels back from Tim, and he thinks in Vic he has the man to do it.

"Turner knew Tim's tactics; he had learned them by a bitter lesson, and he has done his best to knock them into Vic. He has taught him the most advanced secrets of ring-craft; how to sham grogginess, so as to swerve the betting; how to restrain himself in the early stage of a fight and wear his opponent down, and how to hit like a sledgehammer. This training, coupled with Vic's own youth, strength and natural fighting ability, is responsible for his long string of victories, which I hope won't be broken to-morrow in this, the fight of his life.

"There now, you know how the career of the greatest little man in the world began; and as my cigar is nearly burning my lips, and the hour grows late, I must be off to the training camp and see that my man is snug for the night; but I'll see you at the ringside to-morrow. So-long till then." And he was gone, full of hope and confidence—poor old Angel Atkins.

\* \* \* \* \*

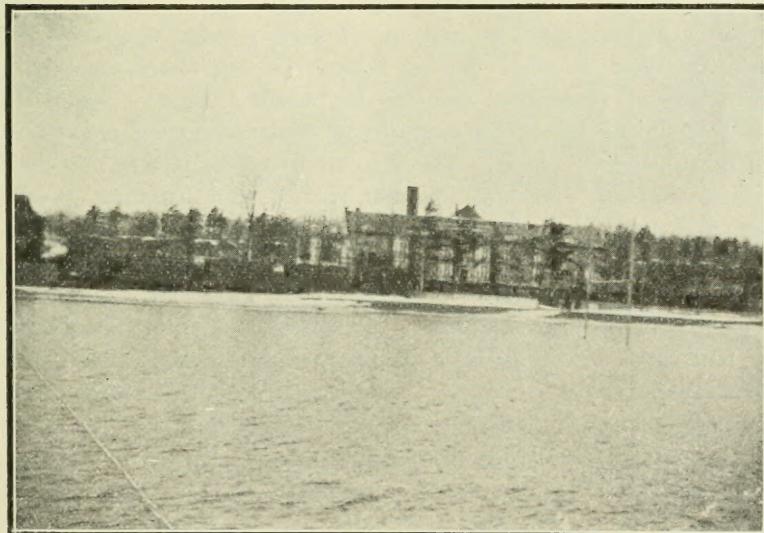
All the sporting world knows the history of that famous finish fight—that terrible picture of youth and pluck against experience, cunning and as great a knowledge of ring-craft as any man ever had. How, in the early stages of the fight, Vic withstood the champion's whirlwind rushes, though receiving terrible punishment; how, through the long and sweltering hours of the July afternoon, for more than half a hundred rounds, they jabbed and bruised and battered one another till they resembled wild beasts rather than men; and how, finally, as the afternoon sun sank in horror behind the back rows of the vast arena, Vic, goaded on by

the screaming multitude, by the delighted encouragement of his backers, and by the thought of the huge check lying in the stakeholder's safe, came within reach of the swaying and bleary-eyed champion, a long arm shot out, and an instant later Vic was lying on the floor of the ring.

Faintly he heard the crowd screaming as before, his seconds begging him to get up and continue the battle, and the measured counting of the referee. Vainly he tried to rise, but his legs refused to perform their functions; a flow of blood rushed over his eyes and blinded him, and as the referee finally counted "ten," black unconsciousness overcame him, and he fell back a beaten man.

Thus began and ended Vic's ring career—Alpha and Omega—the first and the last.

McKEEN I.



Lake Rosedale.

**A CLOSE CALL**

## SECOND PRIZE STORY.

The night has fallen on the deep;  
And the ship trembles here in the darkness.  
Hear how the wind-tauten'd cordage is groaning  
And complaining as in anguish!

**W**E had been out for a sail, and, as the wind had started to drop with the sun, had made our way back to the anchorage, and from there to the club-float to listen to the old sailor, who sat there every day, telling his adventures to anyone who wished to listen to them.

It had been one of those glorious Western days--possibly too hot if it had not been for the gentle breeze, scenting of the sea, which spread its cooling influence everywhere. And now, as a fitting close for such a glorious day, we had one of those wonderful sunsets for which the West is noted: one in which the sun sets flecked with cloudy bars of vermillion, coloring the whole heavens a beautiful pink, and tinting the snowy summits of the neighboring mountains with a still lighter shade. The sea, charmed, as it were, by this gorgeous display, gives up its wild tossing and booming on the shore, and seems to calm itself for the approaching night. Suddenly, almost instantly, all is changed. Everything is now a deep golden shade, and the deep blue bosom of the sea is changed to one grand golden path leading to the setting monarch. Slowly the fiery ball sinks, seemingly into the depths of the ocean, until it is wholly quenched, as it were. The beautiful colors slowly fade away, and soon nothing is to be seen in the west but the blue peaks of the mountainous islands of the gulf against the darkening sky, the deeper blue of the sea, and the wonderful purple of those silent sentinels of the night--the snow-crowned mountains across the inlet.

"But what of the close call?" you ask. Well, after we had settled down about old Louis, he started telling us some of his oft-repeated adventures.

"All the same," said he, "the most exciting time I ever had

was in the very waters about here," indicating the "here" with a wide sweep of his tanned and much-tattooed arm.

"Let's hear about it, Louis," said Bill Grant, one of my chums. Bill was undoubtedly the best among us at "fishing" yarns from old Louis.

"Well, boys," said he, at length, "seeing who it is that asks, I'll tell it to you." Louis always did that—tried to make you think that he was bestowing a great favor on you by telling his tale to you.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Back in '92, John Burgess, who lives over on the island now, several others, and myself lived on the south-eastern end of Bowen Island. There was a nice little bay there, where we kept our boats sheltered, and there was a small cleared space at the head of the bay, where we had a small garden.

"One day, just as the sun was setting, and it was beginning to blow up rather nasty from the south-west, Jack Minor, one of the fellows who lived with us, came in with a letter, which he said had been given him by a Nanaimo fisherman he had passed out off the Sand Heads. It was for John, and, as he slowly read it, his face grew grave. 'Boys,' said he, 'I've got to get to Nanaimo as soon as possible. My father is dying. That means start to-night.'

"'What?' I exclaimed, 'to-night? It's blowing up pretty hard outside.'

"'I'll have to start out alone, if you fellows won't come,' said John.

"'Of course we'll come,' said Jack and I together.

"So, after a hurried dinner, we quickly made our way down to our biggest boat, the *Nancy B.* She was a forty-foot yawl, heavily built, big of beam, and heavily sparred.

"We quickly hoisted the mizzen, and after putting a reef in our mainsail, for it was blowing hard by this time, we hoisted it, slipped our mooring, and hoisting our jib, we were off.

"As we got out of the harbor the full force of the wind began to strike us. We went 'rail down' at once. Quite a heavy swell was running, and I knew we were in for a bad night.

"The long swells of the day before were now growing larger, and were crested with foam, which gave off a weird phosphorescent gleam in the fast-deepening darkness.

"After we had been out for about a half an hour, the wind became too much for us, and we were forced to run into the wind, and take in two more reefs. It eased us, but even then we had all we could carry, and were sailing cabin ports under most of the time.

"The wind became very squally, and, with a roar, it would rush along, driving the spray before it and making the sea one vast plain of white, driving, unrelenting fury. With little or no warning, one of these 'white squalls' swooped down on us, and, with a loud cracking and wrenching sound, our main gaff split off close to the jaws. We luffed instantly, but nevertheless the sail was badly torn.

"Minor and I jumped up at once to lower the damaged sail, which was now flapping in all directions. It was then that the first of the terrible happenings of that horrible night occurred. Minor was up forward, had just lowered the sail, and was trying to furl it, when one of the huge seas, which had been sweeping over us, caught him unprepared and swept him overboard. We caught one glance of him, vainly struggling in the grasp of that most unrelenting of Nature's forces—the sea. To help him was impossible. He was a hundred feet away in a few seconds, and to launch our dinghy would have been madness.

"The same wave that carried Minor overboard also caught and ripped our jib; and now we were at the mercy of wind and waves. The huge seas which continually swept over us would have prevented any attempts to fix up any jury rig. Luckily, the mizzen was yet undamaged, and it kept us up in the wind, instead of in the trough of the sea.

"Then followed a period, really short, but seemingly infinite. The huge seas swept over us, and we were wet to the skin, in spite of our oilskins. To make matters worse, Burgess, on going into the cabin, discovered that we had sprung a leak. It seemed to be somewhere around the stern, caused, no doubt, by the awful pitching and rolling. As the water was up several feet already it was impossible to try to stop it. So we started the bilge-pump, each taking a turn, and working as much as it was possible to, with the boat rolling about and the waves sweeping over us.

"This went on for about an hour, when we heard breakers ahead. On looking, we could see, indistinctly, a dark shore line. I looked at John, and he looked at me. He held out his hand, and I

grasped it. 'God help us when we hit those rocks,' yelled he. I went below in the flooded cabin and got a couple of life-belts. We put them on, and waited. We could do nothing to save ourselves in the meantime.

"Slowly we drifted nearer and nearer the rocks. When we were about twenty yards away, a huge wave caught us, swept us along, and, with a dull jarring bang, we struck.

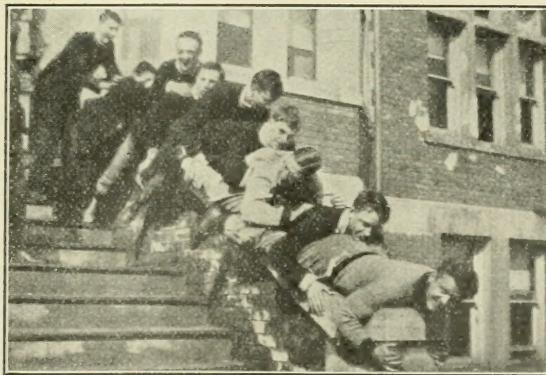
"The next wave went clear over us, but we managed to hang on. The next—well, I don't know what happened. It was—well, all kind of mixed up. But, after struggling, and being thrown around for a long time, as it seemed, I was washed ashore, and managed, between waves, to scramble to dry ground.

"Soon I saw what appeared to be a body in the surf, and, wading in, I managed to grab it and carry it ashore. It was John, seemingly drowned, but, after a few minutes he came to.

"In the morning we found that we had been wrecked on one of the rocky headlands on the south end of the island, and after about an hour's walking along the beach we came to a Japanese fisherman's house, and he took us to our own place in his boat.

"Minor's body was never found, although we searched all the south shore of the island. The *Nancy B.* was a total wreck, a few pieces of broken wreckage was all that was left of her. John's father did not die at all, although he was very sick, so our trip was really unnecessary. But, so long as I live, I'll never forget that night."

SCOTT I.



**“FANGS”**

THIRD PRIZE STORY.

**W**HEN “Fangs” first came to life, he was lying in a warm, dark place, which he afterward discovered to be a medium-sized cave in a cliff overlooking a large, rocky valley, in the north-western part of Alberta. He was one of a litter of three wolf puppies, and bade fair to be by far the strongest and most sagacious.

After a short time, during which the puppies were gaining strength, the old she-wolf carried them out into the sunlight, one by one. There they stood for the briefest moment; then, frightened by the queer appearance of this new world, and their eyes dazzled by the light, they scampered back into the cave. A moment later they emerged again, their curiosity having overcome their fear.

They were still a little nervous, but soon forgot it, and it was their great delight to lie in the sunshine on the great rock in front of the cave, and gaze down into the valley, watching the different animals as they moved in and out of the canyon. Numerous jack-rabbits gamboled about, and at times the coyotes would gather in a body and organize a hunt, which usually came to an end in a luckless rabbit being run down. Then a fight would ensue among the coyotes to determine who would become owner of the hard, fibry meat. “Fangs” and his brother and sister would have liked to go down and try conclusions with the coyotes, but the old mother told them to wait until they had grown considerably in size and strength.

One afternoon, when the three puppies were lying on the great rock, watching the movements of a herd of buffalo down in the valley, there was a growl behind them, and all three turned, to see an angry-looking black bear standing within a yard of them. Instinctively, all made for the cave. He and his sister reached it in safety, turning in time to see the bear strike downward with his huge paw, crushing their brother into a mangled heap. Then they disappeared into the cave, not daring to go out until their mother returned.

No more mishaps overtook the little family, and when the cubs were old enough they were taken down into the valley for the first

hunting expedition. It was then that they learned to catch rabbits, mice and foxes, and how to kill coyotes. At this time, too, they met their father, who paid but little attention to them. Soon, too, "Fangs" and his sister learned to quarter and work in pairs, different scents, and last, but not least, the laws which all wolves follow.

Time passed, and the young wolves were becoming quite large and anxious to be off by themselves, and to make their own way in the world. One morning the mother told them that the pack would meet that night for a caribou hunt, and that afterward the family would break up, and the cubs must find homes for themselves. The hunt was very successful. "Fangs" and his sister pulled down a young caribou and felt quite proud of themselves.

The next day the little family separated, and the large cave was vacated. "Fangs" found a medium-sized one farther up the valley, and spent the next two days in first cleaning it out, and then carrying leaves into it, making it warm and comfortable. During the following two weeks he hunted in the valley, making trips all through it, until he knew every nook and cranny of it. Then he determined to make a few trips outside, in order to get the lay of the surrounding country.

It was on one of these excursions that he got his first scent of man, with the knowledge that man was his most dangerous enemy. While crossing some rocky ground, strewn with boulders, a strange scent was borne to him on the wind. He came to a dead stop, and while he sat on his haunches, sniffing at the atmosphere, there was a sharp report, and something hit a rock, just a little to the right of him. He quickly made off, and afterwards carefully avoided the strange scent when possible.

Two years passed, and "Fangs" was getting to be a pretty large wolf. Although he always experienced a certain pleasure when he came across the trail of a relative, he never felt any disposition to follow these up and renew the friendship.

One winter evening the hunting cry of the pack rent the still night air, followed by a chorus of sharper howls. "Fangs" sprang from his warm bed and started at a steady lop toward the place from whence the cry had come. On arriving there, he saw the pack a little distance ahead, in full cry. Immediately he changed his pace to a quick run, and soon caught them.

"What's the running?" he inquired of one of the wolves beside him.

"A man, not far ahead, on a horse, running strong," was the reply.

"Fangs" turned his head to the front, and began to gradually overtake the leaders. Soon he was loping along at a steady gallop, a foot behind and a little to the left of the leading wolf. The pack was gaining quickly on the Indian.

Crack! He had turned in his saddle and fired. The leader dropped, and another wolf, which "Fangs" recognized to be his mother, sprang into the lead. Another report rang out, and she dropped in her tracks. The Indian was evidently a fine shot. "Fangs" stopped to give one howl of sorrow over his dead mother's body, then once more set out after the leaders; just in time, for the oncoming rush of stragglers, who had determined to make short work of his mother, would have bowled him over like a ninepin. Looking over his shoulder as he ran, he saw half-a-dozen of his companions tearing her to pieces.

After about twenty minutes' hard running he caught up with the leading wolves, and by this time the Indian's horse was beginning to tire, and the pack was gaining steadily, the fugitives being not more than one hundred yards ahead.

On approaching a clump of trees, the Indian noticed a branch of one of them, under which his horse would pass, low enough to catch hold of. Grasping his rifle in his left hand, he caught the branch with his right. There he hung for a moment, but it was too small, and cracked off short.

The Indian fell to the ground. Then dropping his rifle, he ran to the nearest tree, and jumping as high as he could, caught the trunk with both arms and began to climb.

He was out of danger. No! The leading wolf sprang; there was a rending, splitting sound, and the Indian hauled himself up into the higher branches minus a goodly part of his trousers. The horse was redoubling its efforts to escape, but before it had gone three hundred yards it was pulled down and torn to pieces by the now ravenous creatures. These returned shortly, but the Indian had had time to get his rifle, and, singling out one of the largest wolves, he fired, and it dropped, to be made short work of by the others, during which time the man was able to kill two more.

At this the pack thought it best to leave the Indian alone, so

they turned tail, and at a slow but tireless lopé set out for home, none the worse for their night's run, but rather disappointed.

Three winters passed, and "Fangs" had grown to be one of the largest wolves in Northern Alberta. On account of the many ravages committed by the pack, the Government had passed a large bounty on the heads of wolves.

Peter Dobson, the general storekeeper and the postmaster at the fort, had received a young bulldog from the East lately, which he claimed (to use Peter's own words) "could lick any consarned critter runnin' on four legs in Alberta."

"Why not organize a wolf-hunt and try him?" said one of his friends one day.

"Just what I was agoin' to propose," replied Pete. "Ef any dog-gone wolf can lick my little pup, he's goin' some. Go round and tell any dog-owners you know of that there's goin' to be a wolf hunt, startin' from Gilpin's corner at 9.30 Wednesday mornin'. Git as many of them long, sliver-legged brutes as you kin. I hear somebody say they can run like the old feller himself."

On Wednesday morning most of the men in the fort turned up, some bringing dogs, some only to see the start, and others on their ponies, ready to follow the hunt. Nearly every kind of canine was represented there—Danes, collies, hounds of all sorts, mastiffs, a few mongrels, and lastly, Peter's bulldog, which looked as if it would be unable to travel very fast on its short, stubby legs.

At 10 o'clock the motley body moved down the street, and out the open gates of the fort. Then, at a signal from Peter, the dogs were released. Immediately the hounds sprang to the front, and noses to the ground began to circle, gradually getting farther away from the fort.

Half a mile away from it, they ran onto the fresh scent of a large wolf. Away they went, the wolf-hounds leading, followed hard by the greyhounds, and some Danes and mastiffs, and the motley crowd of smaller dogs, among which the bulldog, breathing heavily, was keeping pace with a couple of mongrels, trailing quite a way behind.

After following the trail several miles, they sighted a large wolf running steadily nearly a quarter of a mile ahead. Immediately the greyhounds took the lead, running by sight, and steadily drawing away from the other dogs, gradually decreasing the wolf's lead. "Fangs," for it was he, was tired from a long run of the

previous night, while the greyhounds, on the other hand, were fresh. So, after a quarter of an hour's stiff running, over rough ground and through a canyon thickly strewn with underbrush, he felt that he must stop and fight off his pursuers.

Soon the leading hound is running abreast of "Fangs," whose quick eyes measure the distance between them. Suddenly the wolf springs sideways; one quick turn of his head and he is back in his old line of flight, while the greyhound rolls over on its back, an ugly gash torn in its side. The remaining greyhounds stop, sniff at their comrade's motionless body, and give up the chase.

Another winter passed, and "Fangs" had become noted for his great size in that part of the country. He was now at the head of the pack, and led them in all their hunts.

It was at this time that Peter Dobson organized a second wolf-hunt. His bulldog had grown considerably, and was now a large, heavy-chested brute, renowned for fighting, but not a first-class runner. As before, most of the men of the fort turned out to see the start. Among the pack was a thoroughbred wolf-hound belonging to one of the residents at the fort. It was a long-jawed, lanky-looking beast, and had the appearance of a person who is bored to death.

At ten o'clock they set the wolf-hound in front, and soon ran across the scent of a coyote, which was quickly run down and killed. After twenty minutes' covering they dashed forward in full cry on the trail of an enormous timber wolf.

Straight on for three miles led the tracks; then through a canyon, thick with cactus and underbrush; over hills and through valleys; over a lot of rocky ground, across a river, and then the scent became a good deal hotter. The wolf was evidently tiring quickly.

On reaching the crest of a gradual rise, the hounds saw the hunted animal running slowly about fifty yards ahead. It was "Fangs," the grand old king of Northern Alberta; but he had been on a caribou run the night before, and his stomach was still heavy from the feast which had followed the killing. On flew the greyhounds, the wolf-hound following a few yards behind.

Not far ahead "Fangs" noticed a steep, perpendicular wall of rock, where he might beat off the attack. With a wild dash he reached it in safety, then, back to it, stood breathless, awaiting the oncoming rush of dogs. The greyhounds brought up with a sudden

stop five yards away. On came the wolf-hound—fifteen yards, ten, five; then, with a wild spring, launched himself at the wolf. "Fangs" quickly leaped aside, then in again before the hound had had time to recover himself. The wolf's jaws gripped and tore, and the hound lay still, showing a long red rip in the white of his stomach. The greyhounds, strengthened by some Danes and a mastiff, formed a half-circle, hemming the wolf in; yet none seem willing to begin the attack.

And now the bulldog appears on the scene, followed by several of the mounted men. On he comes, closer and closer. Then gathering himself in two short jumps, hurtles forward at the wolf, which lightly leaps aside. The bulldog strikes the cliff and falls on his feet. He is but able to turn slightly and make a wild snap at his antagonist before his back is gripped by a pair of jaws like steel.

But by great good luck he had managed to catch the loose skin about the wolf's throat in his jaws. There he hangs while the wolf terribly lacerates his sides. Then the dogs rush in. "Fangs," with one last struggle, seizes his antagonist by the loins, and with an awful crunch, breaks the bulldog's back. Then it is all over. One wild flurry and the monarch of Alberta lies still, the dead bulldog still clinging to his throat.

The men, taking the huge skin as a trophy, bury the body, together with those of the bulldog and wolf-hound, and triumphantly make their way back to the fort.

CRAWFORD.



The Fussers' Club.

**THE DANGER OF A SHORT CUT**

 O speak accurately, the date of this anecdote was the twenty-sixth of October, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and three, and if memory serves me well, it was about this time that a very remarkable real estate boom commenced. In the city of Toronto especially, did speculators reap an extraordinary profit. Many people were induced, either by their overcrowded condition or by a naturally roving disposition, to change their abode from the lower section of the town, and to purchase land in the outskirts. Most of these succumbed to the charms of Rosedale, which the guide books described as "delightful, but sometimes perplexing."

So it chanced that on the aforesaid day a lady, whose identity I am not permitted to disclose, alighted from a Yonge Street car and wended her way towards the *sight* of her new mansion. Arriving at her destination, she gazed with pardonable pride at her possession, and then, after several more or less stormy debates with the plumber, carpenter and other lordly artisans, she set out for home.

Noticing for the first time that the hands of her watch were approaching dangerously near 1 o'clock, she determined to make use of a short-cut across a neighboring field. She observed a goat there; but seeing that he was busily engaged in making a light lunch of bill-posters, tin cans and the like, she cast fear to the winds and started on her journey.

As, after the events which occurred, she was unable to give any accurate account, I managed to interview the goat, whose replies furnished me with the following details:

Disturbed in his mid-day meal by the sound of approaching footsteps, he raised his head and surveyed with growing antipathy the person who was so unceremoniously intruding on his sacred enclosure.

What he saw was a middle-aged lady of more than average height, and one whose rotundity offered a splendid target for his butting powers.

Instantly making up his mind, he paused for a moment to allow his intended victim to pass. She, poor lady, being entirely unconscious of her precarious position, was probably endeavoring

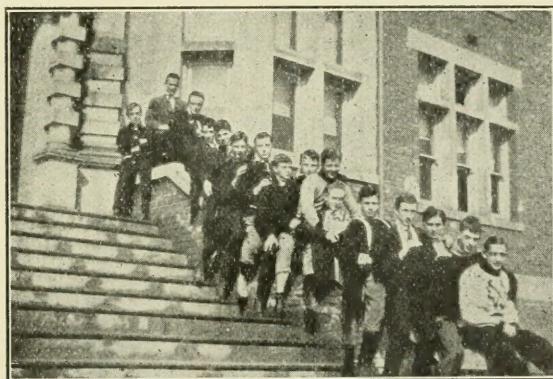
to decide what color the dining-room curtains would be. Then, with a precision worthy of a better motive, he darted forward, and, with a crash, distinguishable for miles around, he struck.

Reeling back from the shock, he was stupefied to find that our heroine was strolling along in much the same manner. Since he was unaware that she was inwardly quaking with apprehension lest this one-sided encounter should be renewed, the goat was naturally extremely piqued that his effort should be so disdainfully regarded. He, therefore, having invoked aid from the gods, renewed the assault—with much better success.

For at this attempt, “milady” uttered a shriek which would have put all the early morning whistles to shame, and rushed frantically towards a group of workmen in the vicinity. These, having at last choked their laughter to such an extent as to realize the danger of another “butt,” came gallantly to the rescue. Then was Mr. Goat forced to seek the seclusion of a tree near the edge of his field, where he indulged in several highly uncomplimentary remarks concerning the human race.

When the other party to this affair had sufficiently recovered her equilibrium she proceeded homeward, and I learned later that for several days after her nerves were completely upset. Indeed, to such an extent was this the case that if, even at dinner, anyone happened to mention, “Pass the butter,” she said, “I’ll never do it again”—and shivered.

BEATY I.



The Human Caterpillar.

**"A DREAM BY ONE STAGE-STRUCK"**

 HE Witching Hour had come; it was impossible for me, only *Fifty Miles From Boston*, in such a position as *The Little Minister of The Little Church Around the Corner*, to go *Down South* to visit *The Warrens of Virginia* without being *Paid in Full*.

It was with *Mr. Hamlet of Broadway* one day that I met *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, who was a *Country Girl*, and whose right name was *Kitty Gray*. She advised me to marry *The Girl From Rector's*, and go on *A Chinese Honeymoon*, which would cause *Raffles, The Boy Detective*, to get on my tracks.

She knew *What Every Woman Knows*, and so did I; so I let *The Virginian* go on with *The Man From Home* in any way he liked. He was *A Bad Man*, and had once been *Convict 999*, but was released when *Salvation Nell* came to his rescue.

It was in the land of *The Midnight Sons, A Year After*, that I met *The Trio*, commonly called *The Three Twins*, who informed me that *Peggy McCree* and *Dick Whittington*, who was *A Travelling Salesman*, were married.

Right away I knew that my case would be *A Trial by Jury*, so I sent a message *Via Wireless* to *The Old Homestead*, only *Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway*, where *The Counsel for the Defence* was staying.

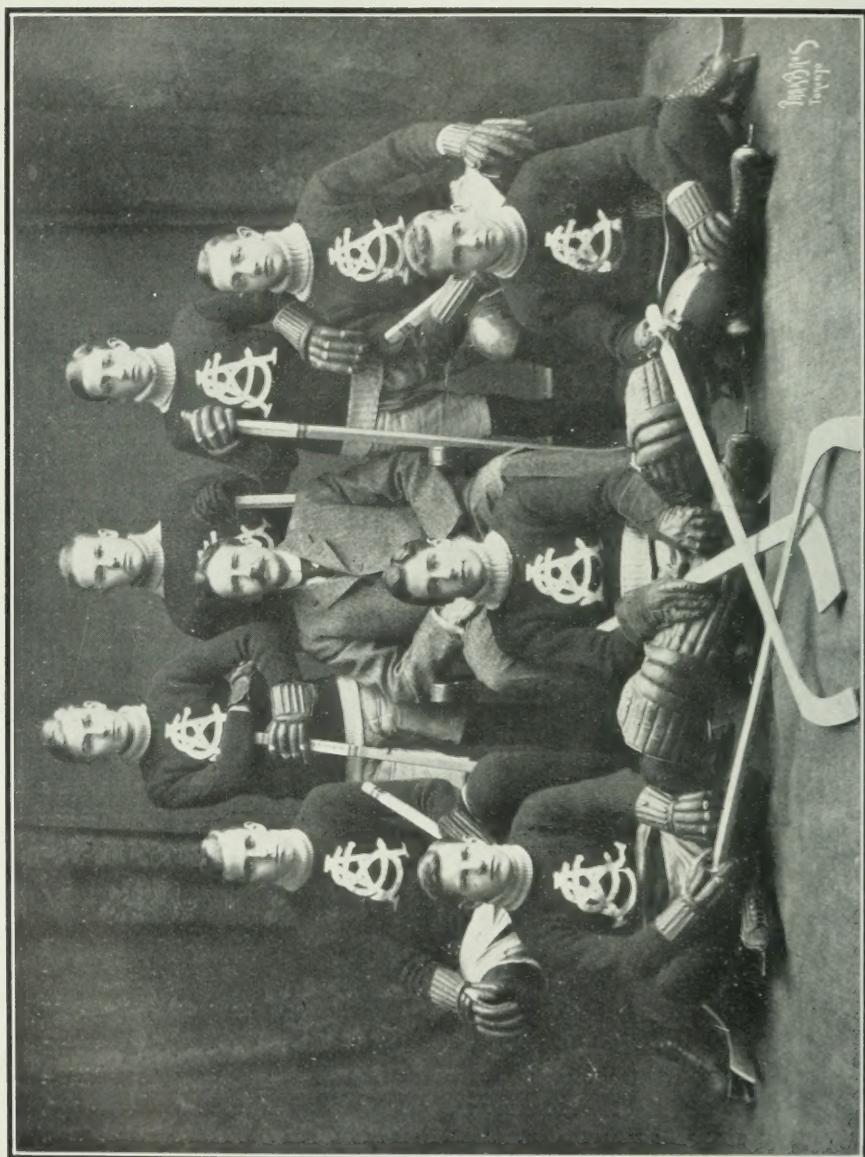
Then I awoke. *The Fair Co-Ed.* was fanning me. I had been *In The Land of Nod*, for *The Wizard of Oz* had doped me.

ISAACS V.A.

**A PICTURE**

Think of a man without a coat  
 Puffing around like a ferry-boat,  
 Making speeches in dark and day,  
 Banging tables in such a way,  
 Kissing babies and shaking hands,  
 Paying canvassers, cabs, and bands,  
 That's a picture serene, sublime,  
 A politician—election time.





SECOND HOCKEY TEAM.

## *Athletics.*

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### **HOCKEY**

 **H**E hockey season of 1909-10, as far as the Firsts are concerned, can hardly be termed successful, but nevertheless, it had some redeeming features, the most pleasing of which was the victory over U. C. C. This, following the rugby conquests, caused great rejoicing among the followers of the Crimson and White.

St. Andrew's College's standing in the Junior Intercollegiate was not all that could be desired, but the high calibre of the teams against whom they played perhaps accounts for this. However, in every game the Saints forced their opponents to use their best efforts to win. In the last league contest Varsity III.'s barely escaped a defeat, as the score (4-4) indicates, and as they were the ultimate leaders for group honors, this reflects great credit on the College seven.

Throughout the year McPherson made an excellent captain, and did not spare himself in working for the welfare of his team, individually and collectively. Shook, as manager, also comes in for his full share of praise, he also toiling unselfishly for the benefit of the College.

Outside of the Firsts, St. Andrew's was very successful. The Seconds made an enviable record, while the Junior House sustained its share of the victories. Indeed, a close survey of the year's results would suffice to show that a high standard of play was developed by each team.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the election of Hastej to the captaincy of the Hockey Seven for next season. When we review his work throughout the year, it gives us much encouragement to think that the team will be under the control of so able a player. THE REVIEW extends its heartiest congratulations to him, and also to Wilson III., who was voted in for vice-captain, an office in which he is sure to give very valuable service.

Hockey prospects are very bright indeed with either of these two in command. The following is the list of First team games played:

St. Andrew's College vs. Varsity III.—Lost.....	1 to 4
St. Andrew's College vs. T. C. S.—Lost.....	2 to 7
St. Andrew's College vs. McMaster—Lost .....	2 to 4
St. Andrew's College vs. T. C. S.—Lost.....	0 to 4
St. Andrew's College vs. Varsity III.—Tied .....	4 to 4
St. Andrew's College vs. U. C. C.—Won.....	5 to 3

BEATY I.

### **VARSITY III. vs. S. A. C.**

 HE Junior Intercollegiate League opened with a game on January 26th between Varsity III. and St. Andrew's. As the Mutual Street surface was not obtainable, Varsity open-air cushion was utilized. The teams provided a close, hard-fought contest, the University boys winning by 4 to 1.

A more disagreeable day could hardly be imagined. Owing to Varsity being late, the rivals did not line up till 4.30, and by this time it was raining, and the ice fast becoming soft. To add to these discomfitures, it began to snow just before half-time, and snowshoes would have been more appropriate for the conclusion. However, a good crowd turned out, and considerable enthusiasm was aroused until the latter part, when play became featureless, save for the earnestness of the contestants. At 4.30, Referee Fife, who, by the way, did as well as could be expected under the conditions, blew his whistle and set things moving.

St. Andrew's opened at a fast clip, and Varsity responded fiercely. Thus the first few minutes of combat were characterized by splendid rushing, good blocking, and excellent stick-handling. For the Saints, Munro, especially, made some dangerous rushes, while Cotton and Davidson, for Varsity, soon proved their ability. All, however, were handicapped by the soft ice. Both defences were strong, and it took more than fifteen minutes before any of the forwards could successfully negotiate the net. Finally, Mulqueen put our opponents in the lead by a fast shot from the side. This goal only served to urge on the College team, but Varsity's superior weight soon gained the upper hand, and five

minutes later Wylie and Cotton combined for a score. St. Andrew's College now forced the pace, and gave Grant some warm moments. Time was flying, and it looked as if the half-way mark would arrive without any addition to the score, but at the last gasp Cotton beat the College defence on a speedy rush. This concluded the scoring, Varsity leaving the ice with a 3 to 0 lead.

The second half started under difficulties, owing to the snow. St. Andrew's College, however, seemingly greatly refreshed by the interval, set a good, hard pace, and soon were rewarded with a score, Munro giving the College supporters something to grow enthusiastic over in five minutes. Realizing the necessity of getting goals before the conditions became impossible, the Saints continued to bore in, and Mulqueen and Cuzner saved some trying situations. However, it was hopeless to attempt anything but lone rushes, and these also soon became ineffective. Varsity, recognizing their inferior condition, contented themselves with playing on the defensive, and, try as they would, the Saints could not conquer their opponents' defence. But play was not all in favor of St. Andrew's College. Cotton and Davidson were breaking out with spasmodic rushes down the ice, and on one of these, much to our chagrin, Davidson shot the puck, along with a cloud of snow, into the net. How he managed to shoot at all is the question.

This proved to be the last goal of the match, although the Saints tried hard to break into the scoring sheet again. The final tally was 4—1 for Varsity.

Cotton, Davidson and Cuzner were the best for the Blue and White, whose superior weight and speed counteracted St. Andrew's better condition and team play. All the College seven were good. Munro, however, showed the best stick-handling ability. McPherson and Hastey were also in splendid form, and Paisley made some good stops. This exhibition, however, gave practically no indication of the real strength of the teams on account of the extraordinary weather.

The line-up :

St. Andrew's College (1): Paisley, goal; Hastey, point; McPherson (capt.), cover-point; Matheson, rover; Munro, centre; Wilson, right wing; Grant, left wing.

Varsity (4): Grant, goal; Cuzner, point; Mulqueen, cover-point; Wylie (capt.), rover; Davidson, centre; Cotton, right wing; Coumans, left wing. Referee—Fife. BEATY I.

**S. A. C. vs. T. C. S.**

 N Saturday, January 29th, the First team, accompanied by six rooters, making in all a party of thirteen, left Toronto on the train to play off our Junior Interecollegiate League fixture with Trinity College School at Port Hope.

Bad luck seemed to characterize the trip from the start, as the train was half an hour late leaving Union Station, and broke down no less than three times on the way. However, we finally arrived in Port Hope safely, after a not unpleasant trip.

The match had been advertised throughout the length and breadth of the town, and in response most of the population had turned out to cheer the home team on to victory.

The puck was faced at 3 o'clock sharp, and Wilson carried it up the ice, but missed his shot. Play hovered around the T. C. S. goal till Carswell relieved. Matheson and McAuley were penalized, and Hasteley soon followed them to the box. With the Crimson defence thus weakened, Laing, after a long rush, bulged the net behind Paisley; but hardly had the puck been faced off before Matheson evened up by a long shot from the side, and a few minutes later McKinley batted the rubber in from a scrimmage in front of the Trinity College School nets. This ended the Saints' scoring. Trinity, however, tallied three more before the end of the half, making the half-time score: Trinity College School, 4; St. Andrew's College, 2.

Play during the second half was fast and furious, both teams roughing it considerably, the Crimson and White, however, spending the greatest time in the penalty box.

Time and time again our forwards would break away, only to go to pieces against Trinity College School's defence, or be called back by the referee's whistle, and when time was called the score stood 7—2 in Trinity's favor.

For the winning team, McAuley was perhaps the best, though Laing and Carswell both played good clean hockey. Of St. Andrew's, Matheson was the star.

The teams lined up as follows:

Trinity College School (4): Goal, Shephard; point, Tedders; cover-point, Lindsay; rover, McAuley (capt.); centre, Carswell; right wing, Caldwell; left wing, Laing.

St. Andrew's College (2): Goal, Paisley; point, Hasteley; cover-

point, McPherson (capt.); rover, Matheson; centre, McKinley; right wing, Wilson III.; left wing, Grant.

Referee—Rowden.

H. P. MACKEEN.

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### ***McMASTER II. vs. S. A. C.***

 N January 31st, St. Andrew's College sustained another reverse at the hands of McMaster, the result being 4—2 in favor of the "Green Shirts." The game attracted more than ordinary attention, as it was of the sudden-death variety, and the loss practically put the Saints out of the running.

McMaster showed great improvement over their former exhibitions, but this fact was more noticeable for the reason that the St. Andrew's played rather indifferently, and seemed decidedly off-color. Their shooting was especially weak, the forward line missing some easy shots. The ice was soft on the surface, but as time went on the conditions improved greatly. Hence, the second half was much speedier than its predecessor. Unfortunately, owing to the expiration of the allotted time, this period was shortened fully ten minutes—just when things were livening up.

Our opponents had the weight and experience, but had the St. Andrew's played up to form, the result might have been closer. As it was, McMaster's shooting was greatly superior, and they certainly had us on the defensive for the major part of the contest.

The affair opened with an attack on the College nets, but several minutes elapsed before Sileox beat our husky defence for the first score. The next goal, however, went to the St. Andrew's, Munro, although handicapped by playing on the boards, evening up with a neat drive from the side. The Crimson and White now rushed matters, but although they uncovered some good combination, they failed to do the most necessary thing—score. Many shots were directed towards our opponents' citadel, but Wilkins stopped any which did not go wild. Then McMaster bestirred themselves, and finally the long tie was broken when Chave batted the "disc" in from a scramble. After this S. A. C. were on the defensive, and Paisley made some brilliant saves. Half-time came without any further damage being done. The score at the interval was: McMaster, 2; St. Andrew's College, 1.

At the resuming of play, St. Andrew's College looked very

dangerous. They attacked fiercely, but although McKinley made a grand lone rush the length of the ice, he missed an easy chance to score. Strange to say, McMaster were the first lucky ones, Ryrie dampening the feelings of the College supporters by bulging the net in five minutes' time. This made it 3 to 1.

Hastey, however, came to the rescue and restored the excitement in short order by beating Wilkins for the Saints' second goal.

The players were now travelling at a much faster clip, and both struggled desperately for the next counter. This Chave made good for the Green and Black in a few minutes. Nothing daunted, the Collegians kept trying to even up, but time found them vainly endeavoring to overcome their two-goal deficiency.

McMaster's defence were their strong asset, but Ryrie was in good form on the forward line. Paisley did excellent work in goal for St. Andrew's College, while Hastey and Munro were also in the limelight. The teams:

McMaster (4): Wilkins, goal; Silcox, point; McKay, cover-point; Ryrie, rover; Chave, centre; Clive, right wing; Meron, left wing.

St. Andrew's College (2): Paisley, goal; Hastey, point; McPherson (capt.), cover-point; Matheson, rover; McKinley, centre; Wilson, right wing; Munro, left wing.

BEATY I.

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### **T. C. S. vs. S. A. C.**

**C**T 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, February 8th, St. Andrew's College Firsts lined up against Trinity College School at Mutual Street Rink, determined to retrieve their defeat of a week ago.

From the moment the puck was faced the Saints rushed matters, and for about ten minutes shots were rained on Goal-keeper Shepard from all angles, only to bounce from his pads or be turned aside. Then Laing managed to break away, and, eluding the Crimson defence, notched the first tally for Trinity.

Both sides started in to rough it, and McKinley and McAuley entered into a lively little scrap, for which they both spent five minutes with the timekeepers. Hardly had McKinley come on the ice again when he got a nasty slash across the eye, and had to retire from the game, Munro replacing him at centre.

Before the end of the half, Trinity College School managed to net two more goals, making the half-time score 3—0 in their favor.

In the second session the Saints played much better hockey, and although they did not succeed in scoring, Trinity College School only increased their lead by one, and for most of the time the puck was in their territory.

With about five more minutes to play, Carswell managed to bulge the nets behind Paisley. This ended the scoring, and when the final whistle blew the puck was in centre ice.

For St. Andrew's, Matheson played a splendid game, Hastei and McPherson also being good, while, for the winners, McAuley and Shepard were the stars.

The line-up :

Trinity College School (4) : Goal, Shepard; point, Grey; cover, Lindsay; rover, McAuley (capt.); centre, Carswell; right wing, Caldwell (H. A.); left wing, Laing.

St. Andrew's College (0) : Goal, Paisley; point, Grant; cover, Hastei; rover, Matheson; centre, McKinley (Munro); right wing, Wilson; left wing, McPherson (capt.).

Burkhart—Referee.

H. P. MACKEEN.

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### **Varsity III. vs. S. A. C.**

In the return match, Varsity III. vs. St. Andrew's College, St. Andrew's men were out to break the hoodoo which had been cast over them during the previous games, but it was of no avail. Varsity scored the first three, and it looked like an easy win. One of their goals, however, was scored unfortunately by a St. Andrew's College man through nervousness. At half-time the score was 3—0 for Varsity III.

The second half, however, showed what the College men were made of, for they came back twice as hard, and with Varsity leading by three goals, they shot in four before the wearers of the Blue and White realized it. It looked very much like St. Andrew's College this time; but no such luck. Varsity scored the final goal by the puck skimming along the ice, and suddenly hitting a lump it found the upper corner of the nets. Thus the score remained 4—4, and Varsity refused to play overtime.

The line-up:

St. Andrew's College: Goal, Paisley; point, Matheson; cover point, Haste; rover, Grant; centre, McKinley; wings, Wilson, McPherson.

Varsity III.: Goal, Grant; point, Strome; cover point, Wylie; rover, Davidson; centre, Code; wings, Lorimer, Cotton.

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### **S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.**

**H**OOT-HOOT-MON-HOOT! That famous old battle-cry was much in evidence on the afternoon of February 18th, when it led the College team to a splendid victory in the annual match with Upper Canada College. Urged on by this and other "slogans," the Crimson and White broke their list of hockey defeats and won by 5—3 in a game that was of the sensational variety.

Upper Canada College, leading at half-time by 3 to 1, started the second period full of confidence, but the "Saints" were more than equal to the task set before them, and their aggressiveness finally wore down the Blue and White forwards, while they successfully eluded the Upper Canada defence four times. St. Andrew's College put up a game struggle and deserved to win.

Although the contest was advertised to start at 3 o'clock, long before the appointed hour the supporters of each side began to fill the rink, and when the game commenced Mutual-Street was crowded to the rafters. Old Boys were very much in prominence, while the boys' "sisters," "cousins," etc., made a brilliant array of colors. Not a few of Toronto's hockey public were present also, as this combat always proves a big drawing card. A more enthusiastic audience could scarcely be imagined. Each and every play was cheered to the echo, and the followers of the Crimson and White especially outdid themselves. Every St. Andrew's boy present did his best in earning the victory for his team, and the scene after the game will long be remembered by those who participated in it. Pandemonium reigned supreme for several minutes.

Upper Canada fought their best to win, as they were out to revenge the Rugby defeat, but it was all to no avail before the persistency of the Saints' forward line.

The ice was as perfect as could be, and in fact the day was

favorable in every respect. Even Referee Waghorne outdid himself, and the way in which he handled the bell caused nothing but favorable comment. Indeed, were there more of his efficiency hockey would benefit materially.

Upper Canada College were the first to appear, and they were followed closely after by the S. A. C. boys, who were unfortunately without the services of Paisley in goal, owing to an injury. He was, however, ably replaced by Leishman, who gave a "gilt-edged" performance. The receptions accorded to the sevens as they stepped on the rink by their respective schoolmates showed how intense the interest was. "Wag" made no unnecessary delays and started things moving shortly after three.

For the first few minutes the Saints' nets were attacked in a strenuous manner, but the defence stood firm, and once the Crimson and White forwards struck their stride things evened up. Both goalkeepers had numerous shots, and both performed brilliantly. After ten minutes' hard fighting McKinley notched the first goal for St. Andrew's College. This advantage, however, was short-lived, as Gouinlock netted the rubber for the Blue and White shortly after. U. C. C. continued pressing, and by making better use of their opportunities than the College septet, soon added two more, Ellis getting the credit for both counters. Our rivals' rooters went wild and the cheering of both sides became continuous. However, this did not have the desired effect, as the half ended without any addition to the score, which now stood Upper Canada College 3, S. A. C. 1.

After the intermission both teams came on the ice determined to fight it out to the victory. St. Andrew's College started at a fast clip and soon had the Blue and White on the defensive. The first goal was desperately struggled for, but the Saints won out, McKinley doing the trick in five minutes. Upper Canada forwards tried hard, but they were being checked to a standstill, and it did not take long to even up, Hasty getting the next on a lone rush. With the score a tie, both teams set a furious pace and the game grew rougher. Penalties came frequently, but all were for minor infringements. Blackstock, in goal for Upper Canada College, did some grand work during this period, but Wilson finally put the Saints in the lead, and the roar from the north side was deafening. Excitement was at fever heat. Ellis went through the College defence, but Leishman made a spectacular stop. Upper Canada

forwards were weakening steadily and Matheson relieved the tension by tallying on a rush, thus giving S. A. C. a commanding lead. No further scoring was done, and the conclusion of the game saw the Crimson and White victors by 5 to 3. It was a grand finish.

Blackstock and Ellis carried off the honors for U. C. C. and Palmer was also good. Burkhart was very effective, but marred his usefulness by rough tactics.

It would be difficult to specially mark any two or three players; all deserved special mention for the way they put every ounce of strength and skill into the battle for their college. Of all, however, perhaps McKinley deserves the greatest praise for the way he played his part under the most trying circumstances.

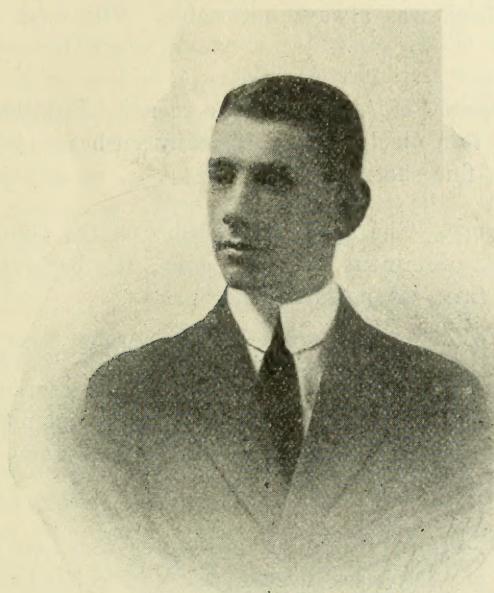
St. Andrew's College: Leishman, goal; Matheson, point; Hastey, cover point; Munro, rover; McKinley, centre; Wilson, right wing; McPherson (captain), left wing.

Upper Canada College: Blackstock, goal; Palmer (captain), point; Burkhart, cover point; Clarke, rover; Ellis, centre; Hallam, right wing; Gouinlock, left wing.

BEATY I.



Room 28. Fashions a la Shook.



CAPTAIN McPHERSON.

**PERSONNEL OF FIRST TEAM**

**M**cPHERSON I.—*Captain and old color.*—Left wing; a fast skater, good stick handler and an excellent shot. Always a tough proposition for his check on account of his aggressiveness. Played cover point at the first of the season and proved that he was very useful on either defence or forward line. As captain was very successful and earned the respect of his teammates.

**PAISLEY**—*Goal.*—A graduate of last year's Seconds; earned his position through steady, reliable work; always performed splendidly and worked in well with the defence; was unfortunately injured the day before the Upper Canada College game.

MATHESON—*Point*.—An old color. Really a forward, but used at point. An excellent rusher and the hardest worker on the ice. His checking back was always noticeable. The most useful man on the team.

HASTEY—*Cover Point*.—An Ottawa recruit. Fulfilled his duties on the defence to a nicety. Blocked many rushes and fed his forwards well. A fine shot.

MUNRO—*Rover*.—The best stick-handler on the team, his dodging rushes being prominent in every game. His back checking was another strong asset. A powerful shot.

McKINLEY—*Centre*.—An old color; played his position well and was generally very effective in his shooting; was particularly good against Upper Canada College. He deserves special praise for the way in which he handled himself in the U. C. C. game in spite of all the abuse he received.

WILSON III.—*Right Wing*.—A graduate from last year's Seconds; very fast and a tireless checker; also a good hard shot. Played his position well and did not suffer a penalty during the season.

GRANT I.—A new boy. Turned out regularly and was used at point or on the forward line with equal adaptability. He was handicapped by not being in condition.

The team wish to extend their heartiest thanks to Leishman for the great way in which he performed in the Upper Canada College game, filling in at goal at the last minute.

---

Mary had a Psyche knot,  
The color of her hair,  
And every place that Mary went,  
The Psyche, too, was there.

One day she wore it up to *Gym*.  
She'll never do so more.  
She shook her head, a hair pin slipped,  
The knot fell to the floor.—*Ex.*

**"THE SECONDS"**

HE Second Team has been a success, as the season's results will show, and it must be said that they have been greatly instrumental in heaping the laurels on our Seniors.

When the season commenced Wilson III. was elected acting captain, but his services were soon required in our senior sphere of hockey, and as a result our "shining light" vanished. Then Munro took the reins of office and the team continued to improve, but he soon galloped off on his high horse and also joined the Seniors' ranks. Our third star, Skead, was then elected captain, and it has been largely due to his untiring efforts that the "Seconds" have such a brilliant record for "Andy" to record on the bright pages of college history.

The first victory was that gained in defeating Highfield's senior team by a score of 4—2. In the return game, however, only a tie could be laid against the Green and White.

Next the "Outlaws" came to the College rink and were defeated in a close game by 1—0; but on a return game our first defeat was suffered. The score was 6—5 after 12 minutes overtime.

Then came an exhibition game with Upper Canada College, in which the excitement was most keen. At half-time the score was 3—1 in Upper Canada College's favor, but a faint essence of that "Andy" blood, along with a determined effort to conquer, enabled the team to win by a score of 4—3.

The following is the line-up of those who obtained colors:

Goal, Leishman I.; point, Firstbrook; cover, Bell; rover, Ault; centre, McCarter; right wing, Skead (captain); left wing, Crawford; spare, Shook.

SHOOK (Manager).

---

A pretty girl,  
A glorious whirl,  
(A cross twixt walk and prance)  
A winning smile,  
A cunning wile;  
This constitutes a dance.

### **JUNIOR HOUSE HOCKEY**

 HE season of '09-'10 has been one of the most successful in the history of the Junior House. Five games were played—four won and one lost—with a record of eighteen points to their opponents' six. The entire team, from Dymant in goal to Munn at centre, played splendid hockey all through the year. Dymant as captain was a pronounced success and deserves great



Junior House: First Hockey Team.

credit for his work. Paterson II. also did good work in the position of manager.

The first game was on February 11th, with the Tigers, and, although they were much heavier, the speed of the Junior House team more than balanced this, and an interesting game was won by 4 to 0. Half-time score 3—0. Munn and McLennon were the stars for St. Andrew's College.

The next morning Upper Canada College Prep. came down for

their annual fixture, and they, too, were beaten in a fast and clean contest. The U. C. C. Juniors lacked the speed of the Saints, and when the final whistle blew the score stood St. Andrew's College 6, Upper Canada College 1.

The next encounter saw the only defeat of the College seven, Upper Canada Lower Flat being the victorious ones in a close finish by 3 to 2. At half-time St. Andrew's led by 2 to 0, but the Blue



Junior House: Second Hockey Team.

and White used their weight with telling effect in the second period and tallied 3 goals. Hersey and Heintzman starred for Upper Canada College, while for the losers Masson and Paterson II. played fast hockey.

The return match with U. C. C. Preparatory School came soon and S. A. C. were again the winners by 4 to 1. This left no doubt as to the respective merits of the teams, as it was the second defeat for the Blue.

The last encounter was when the Crimson and White journeyed to Upper Canada to play the Lower Flat a second time. In this

the Saints excelled themselves and succeeded in winning a hard-fought contest by 2 to 1.

The line-up:

Goal, Dymont (captain); point, Shaw; cover point, Paterson II.; rover, Masson; centre, Munn; left wing, McLennan; right wing, Scott or Diver.

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### **CRICKET**

**C**T the present moment the prospects for a successful cricket season are very bright, as from last year's eleven the following are available: Frith I., Smith III., Ferguson, Gooderham II., McPherson II., Waterous, Smith II. and Beaty II.; also a number of good second team players. Besides these there are some new boys who we trust will prove themselves good cricketers. It is to be hoped that the school will take a much greater interest in this sport than in previous years, as with added enthusiasm there is no doubt that the team is bound to make a better record than it would otherwise.

With all the conveniences available, such as a first-class coach and supplies, there is no reason why a good team could not be developed, and let every boy make it his aim to do his best in forwarding this summer game.

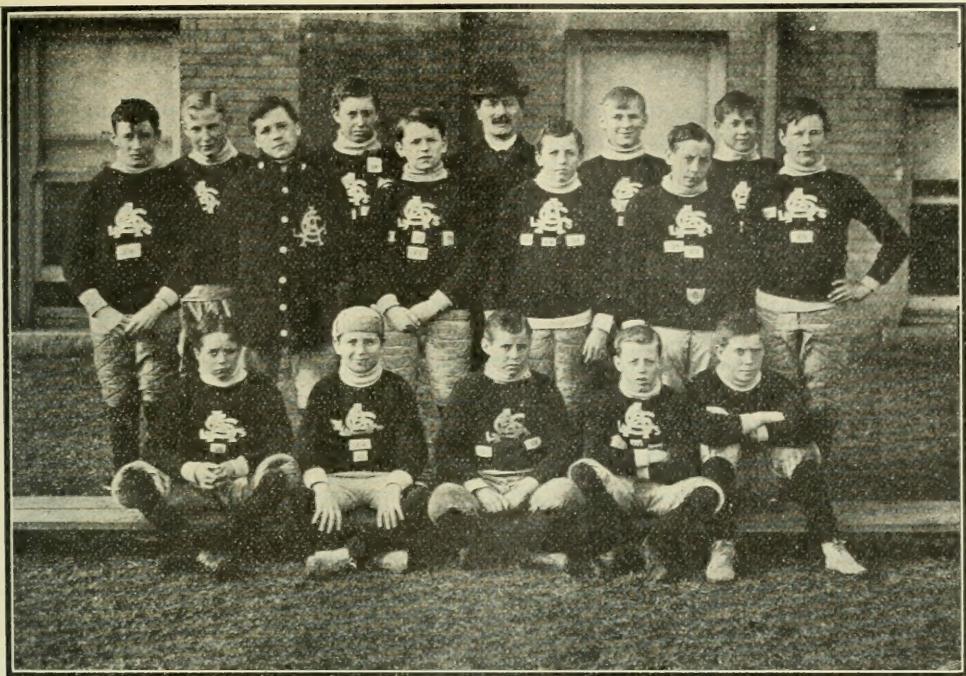
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### **CHAMPIONS**

On Friday, March 11th, "Herbie" Allen was present at the Literary, on behalf of the Old Boys' Association, to present the medals to the members of the First football team, champions of 1909.

Dr. McDonald spoke of Allen's loyalty to the school ever since he was a pupil. To sum up his speech, which was loudly applauded, he said that if a college could be sure of having a few such supporters as Allen that it need have no fear about the quality of the coming football material when one so interested had control of it.

"Herbie" rose blushing and stood motionless for some time but for his large smile, for the cheers and applause were long and loud, showing that Allen stood high in the esteem of the school. He made a very neat speech, referring back to the time when he played on



Junior House; First Football Team.



Junior House; Second Football Team.

the Junior House team and how he longed at one time to play on the "Firsts." His longing was fully fulfilled, for he not only played on the first team, but was captain of the first team to defeat U. C. C. He promised that as long as he possibly could he would be here in the fall to coach our teams on to victory—and he is a great success in that line. He then presented the extremely handsome medals. They are sterling silver, with the wreath of maple leaves and Scotch thistles bordering the sides. In the centre is a bronze football; surrounding it is the inscription, "School Champions, 1909." The new watch fobs are causing considerable favorable comment from all sides, and the wearers go about with their hands in their pockets in order that their medals may be more plainly seen. The REVIEW extends its appreciation of the kindness of the Old Boys in thus so splendidly recognizing the champions.

E. H. P.



Gated, But Happy.

## *Exchanges*

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### A THOUGHT FOR THE YEAR.

“**W**E live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial:  
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

Perhaps the most interesting exchange yet received by the REVIEW hails from far-off China. *The Boone Review*, a quarterly, issued by the teachers and students of Boone University, Wuchung, is not only a record of the doings of the scholars, but is also exceedingly well illustrated and contains several excellent articles on the new education, now so important a factor in Chinese life.

*The Arbor*, that long-talked-of 'Varsity monthly, is at last a reality and quite fulfills the prophecies made regarding its success. The stories are bright and snappy, the articles not too long and the whole is finished off by an unusually neat and attractive cover. The REVIEW extends its heartiest congratulations and wishes *The Arbor* every success in the future.

*Acta Victoriana* reaches as high a standard as ever. “Five Days in Samoa” is a very interesting article, and “A Tennyson Pilgrimage” should be of considerable moment to all trying the 'Varsity matriculation next summer.

*The Varsity* is always welcome, but especially so during football and hokey seasons, when its accounts of the big matches are eagerly looked forward to.

*The Trinity College School Record* follows its name perhaps a little too closely. Why not have a few illustrations and a story or two?

The REVIEW congratulates St. John's School, Manlius, N.Y., on their *Wind Mill*. The joke column, however, is a little on the short side.

*The Easterner*, Eastern High School, Washington, D.C., has a very natty cover and contains several amusing poems.

Remembering our many enjoyable afternoons at the lacrosse grounds, we must not forget to mention the fact that the *St. Margaret's Chronicle* is profusely illustrated with no less than eight pictures of the ground hockey team which caused so much breaking of bounds and subsequent gatings last fall.

*The Calendar*, Central High School, Buffalo, N.Y., is well worthy of mention. While it is smaller than the average school magazine, yet it more than compensates for this by the high quality of its contents. We would especially note in this connection the prize story entitled "Incident to the Battle of Leipzig." Cleverly worked out, both in regard to attractive style and interesting narrative, it is altogether "the best" that has appeared in school journals this year.

The Exchange Editor wishes to acknowledge, with thanks, the following: *The Queen's University Journal*, Kingston; *The Iris*, Philadelphia High School for Girls; *The McMaster University Monthly*, *The Dalhousie Gazette*, Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S.; *Lux Columbiana*, Columbia University, New Westminster, B.C.; *The Mirror*, Central High School, Philadelphia; *The Calendar*, Buffalo; *The Black and Red*, University School, Victoria, B.C.; *The Monthly Record*,

S. JAMES.

**CRIBBED FROM EXCHANGES**

## DESCENT OF MAN.

WHEN the Freshman comes to college  
 With an aching thirst for knowledge  
 And calculates to gather quite a lot,  
 He contemns the idle classes  
 And resolves to show the masses  
 What a splendid thing it is to be a swat.  
 He inspects the halls of learning  
 With a frenzied sort of yearning—  
 With an ever-burning ardor nought can dim,  
 And regards his Alma Mat-ah  
 As a store of useful data  
 All for him.

But there comes a sad re-action  
 Which destroys the whole attraction,  
 Greed of power and lure of pleasure cause his fall.  
 His avid search for culture  
 Finds a premature sepulture  
 In committees, class-receptions and football.  
 Then that grave of all ambition,  
 Called the Union, grants admission  
 And relieves him of what scanty hopes there are,  
 Till at last he writes his mother  
 That his star of hope's another  
 Kind of star.

She—"You would be a good dancer only for two things."

He—"What are they?"

She—"Your feet."

Teacher—"When one irresistible body meets another irresistible body what happens?"

Sentimental Student—"Why, they get married."

John—"Who gave the bride away?"

James—"Her little brother. He yelled out during the ceremony, 'Hurrah! Fannie, you got him at last!' "—*Ex.*

## MODERN LOVE STORY.

Chapter I. —Maid one.

Chapter II. —Maid won.

Chapter III.—Made one.

Annie made an angel cake,  
For her darling Johnnie's sake.  
For her sake,  
Johnnie ate it every crumb,  
Then he heard the angel's drum,  
Calling softly, "Johnny come."  
And Johnny went.

## HE LIVED THERE ALL RIGHT.

An *anxious* father got wind of the rumor that his son was leading rather a gay life at college. But the son strenuously denied the charge in letters to his father. Still unsatisfied, the father made an unexpected visit to his son's lodging place, and, giving the bell a strenuous pull, was met by a grim-faced landlady.

"Does Mr. James Smith live here?" asked the father.

"He does," replied the landlady. "Bring him right in."

Little Villie fell into the Anheuser  
Busch and tore Schlitz in his pants;  
He came out a sadder Budweiser boy,  
Pabst so and Pabst not.—*Ex.*

## AT THE MATINEE.

Little Ethel—"Say, mamma, when are the Indians coming?"

Mamma—"Hush, dear, there are no Indians."

Little Ethel—"Then who scalped all the men in the front row?"

Teacher—"Now, children, the subject is the story of the Prodigal Son. Can anyone tell me who was glad when the prodigal returned?"

"The father," was the response.

"And who was sorry?" asked the teacher.

"The fatted calf," promptly responded a little girl.

Doctor—"I had a great many more patients this time last year than I have now. Wonder where they all have gone?"

Wife—"You can only hope for the best, dear."

"Tommy," said the teacher, "what is the feminine of vassal?"

"Vassaline, ma'am," replied Tommy, promptly.—*Ex.*

Newpay—"What is this?"

Oldpay—"It's bean soup."

Newpay—"No matter what it has been, I want to know what it is now."

Mary had a little lamp;  
It was well trained, no doubt,  
For every time her lover came  
The little lamp went out.

Student (in study hall)—"Beg pardon, is this seat engaged?"

Fourth Year Girl—"No, and I don't mind stating that I'm not, either."

A teacher in a Western public school was giving her class the first lesson in subtraction. "Now, in order to subtract," she explained, "things have to always be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears nor six horses from nine dogs."

A hand went up in the back part of the room.

"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"

Professor—"What is a groundhog?"

Voice in the rear—"Sausage."—*Ex.*

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Healthy boy,  
Cigarettes.  
Little grave,  
Violets.

"Why are you always behind in your studies?"

"Because if I were not I could not pursue them."

Johnny—"Paw, what is the rest of the quotation, 'Truth is mighty'?"

Father—"Scarce," I reckon."

#### HOW TO TELL A BAD EGG.

"What's the best way to tell a bad egg?"

"I don't know, but I would suggest that if you have anything really important to tell a bad egg, why—break it gently."

First Cadet—"Gee, you got a shape like a match."

Second Cadet—"Well, a match has a head; that's more than you've got."

Father—"What did you learn to-day, my son?"

Boy—"I learned sumthin' called guzzinto," said the lad.

Father—"Guzzinto?"

Boy—"Yep."

Father—"Well, what is guzzinto?"

Boy—"Why 2 guzzinto 4, and 4 guzzinto 8."

If you want to be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some points.

#### NIGHT.

The purpled sunset hills are charred with red,  
 And twilight trembles with the gentle lay  
 Of song birds' vespers for the fading day,  
 A thousand fireflies glow above the bed  
 Of yonder willow shrouded stream. O'er head  
 Night spreads the meshes of the milky way.  
 The moon has paled the east. Her searching ray  
 Is rolling back the hovering shadows dread.  
 The dew is drenching every leaf and flower,  
 Dim mists arise beneath the gloomy trees,  
 Whose spectral branches all are wreathed in white.  
 The darkness now is at its deepest hour,  
 But all the land has sensed the downing breeze,  
 And stirring nature wakes from out the night.

—*The Dial.*

## CURSES!

"Twas a cold night. The moon rose above the old mill.

"Foiled!" shouted the hero from the shadows. "You shall never get the tin."

"In that case I must be tinfoiled," hissed the dark villain.

Professor—"Heavens! This was the day I was to have been married. What will she think of me?"

Assistant—"You were married. Don't you remember? The ceremony took place at noon."

Professor—"Ah, yes, to be sure. I recall now my annoyance at losing an hour."

## WARM WEATHER COMING.

A delinquent subscriber was dying and the editor dropped in to see him. "How do you feel?" asked the pencil-pusher. "All looks bright before me," gasped the subscriber. "I thought so," said the editor. "You'll see the blaze in about ten minutes."

## LOST.

A German who recently lost his horse published the following:

"Notice—Rundaway or stolen or was strayed, mine large plack horse, about thirteen hans hie. He has four plack legs, two pehind and two pefore. He ees plack all ofer his body, put he has got some vite spots on his pack where the skin vas rubbed off, but i greased 'em and de vite spots ees all plack now. His ears is both alike, put one ees placker than the oder, and a small bit longer. He has a long tail that hangs pehind, but i cut it the oder day and now eet ees not so long as vat it vas. He is shoed all around, but his pehind shoes has come off and now he has got only shoes on pefore. He is not very old, and ven he walks and runs his head goes fast and his tail stays pehind, only when he gets mad his tail comes first. Who efer vil pring him pack shall pay five lbs. reward, and if he prink back de tail dat stile him he shall pay ten lbs. and ax no questions."

We cannot resist asking, "Was the horse found?"

—Exchange from the *Lilliputian*.

He met her in the meadow,  
 As the sun was sinking low;  
 They walked along together,  
 In the twilight's afterglow;  
 She waited until gallantly  
 He lowered all the bars,  
 Her soft eyes bent upon him,  
 As radiant as the stars:  
 She neither smiled nor thanked him—  
 In truth, she knew not how,  
 For he was but a farmer's lad,  
 And she—a Jersey cow.

—*Queen's Journal.*

Applied Geometry:—Proposition 23. To prove that a fisherman is a liar.

By Axiom I. an angle is a deviation.

By Axiom II. a lie is a deviation.

Hence a fisherman, being one who angles, deviates. Things equal to the same thing being equal to each other, the fisherman is a —  
 Q. E. D.—*The Bulletin.*

“How pleasant it must be to sit before a blazing fire while the wind vainly rages outside.”

“Yes,” answered Farmer Corntassel, “I 'spose it would be right pleasant.”

“Why, you ought to know. You live in the country.”

“Yes, but I ain't the feller that sits by the fire. I'm the feller that fetches in the wood.”—*Washington Star.*

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

Young Lady, to Morris at dinner-party.—“Do you like bananas?”

Morris (who is very deaf)—“Eh! eh! I beg your pardon.”

Young Lady—“Do you like bananas?”

Morris—“Eh! eh! No; I prefer the old-fashioned nightgown.”

Patroness—“You never sing ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ now.

Musician—“No; my dootor said I must have a change of air.”—*Musical America.*

At a table in a hotel  
A youth and maiden sat;  
They didn't know each other—  
But what of that?

The youth picked up the sugar  
With a smile you seldom meet,  
And passed it to the girl, saying:  
"Sweets to the sweet."

She picked up the crackers,  
And scorn was not lacked  
As she passed them to him, saying,  
"Crackers to the cracked."

—*The Recorder.*

Cyril—"All the street car rails on Eighth Avenue have to be torn up."

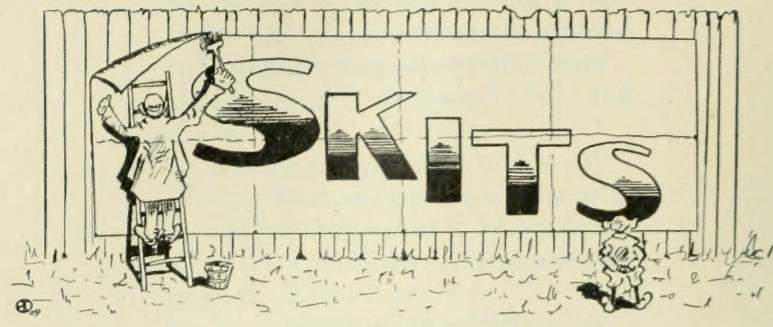
Willie—"Why?"

Cyril—"Because they are in the road."

#### PATHETIC.

At opposite sides of the sofa  
They sat with vain regrets;  
She had been eating onions,  
He smoking cigarettes.—*Ex.*

Benjy had a bear,  
The bear ate Benjy,  
The bear was bulgy,  
The bulge was Benjy.



Perhaps you think our jokes are poor,  
 And should be "on the shelf";  
 But if you know some better ones,  
 Hand in a few yourself.—*Ex.*

Chuck—"I saw a place on Church Street where you can get a meal for 15c."

MacKeen I.—"I guess you did more than see it."

Grant was heard singing after the T. C. S. match, "O gee, poor me, never no more."

Paisley (to T. C. S. boy after match)—"Ah, kid, take a glance at the football score, 52—0, and beat it quick."

McKinley made quite a hit with the Port Hope girls, who mistook his pink underwear.

Heard from some of T. C. S.'s fair admirers as Paisley stepped on the ice—"O, isn't he nice and fat!"

Gooderham has positively decided never to take the position of goal umpire again, as it caused him to say some very naughty words.

Paisley (at U. C. C. match)—"Now, fellows, a hoot!" Then turning his megaphone up at Gooderham, who was, of course, fussing, he said: "You too, Mel; I mean you, too." Heard at his side—"Oh, Mel, I don't like him a bit for that."

WELL!! WELL!!! WILSON!!!

Joe held her hand and she held hizzn;  
 Soon they hugged and went to kizzn;  
 Ignorant that her pa had rizzn—  
 Madder'n hops and simply sizzn—  
 ? ! ( \* ! ( ) ? \* ! \* )  
 Gee, but Joe went out a-whizzn!

Matheson to Stately—"If you don't know what love is you're not in it."



Easter Exams.

Maw (regarding Mr. T.'s dog)—"That dog is hungry; he needs a bone."

Brown—"Well, he can't have none of mine."

Rufus (reading)—"When the fools are all dead the knaves will have to make an honest living."

Skead—"Gee! I guess that means work for me soon."

Chuck to Nicol—"Can you change fifteen cents?"

Nicol—"How do you wish it changed?"

Chuck—"Into a quarter."

(Another one like that, Chuck, and you'll have to get off your foot.)

Insanity is where somebody differs from us, but not to the point of making it an indictable offence—oh, you, Rufus!

Room 19—"Worldly wisdom is perfect knowledge of the failings of your neighbors."

(This has no reference to Room 18.)

Special for this edition—Vocal and Elocution. Apply Broder McTaggart.

—Why does a kiss intoxicate?

The philosophy of this is,

One fizz will set most people up,

In a kiss there are two phizes.

—Sydney Smith (after the races)—

"To market, to market,

A fortune to win;

Home again, home again,

Shorne to the skin."

Wilson III. to Ginger—"McMullen is some singer, isn't he?"

Ginger—"Yes, he is like a machine we have at home."

Wilson III.—"Is that *sew*?"

Greer (to Paisley on rink)—"I think I'll get a pair of ankle supports."

Paisley—"A pair of interference pads on your knees would be more to the point."

Because Eddy Gunn is seen quite frequently hanging on the bar we need not necessarily infer that he is a "souser."

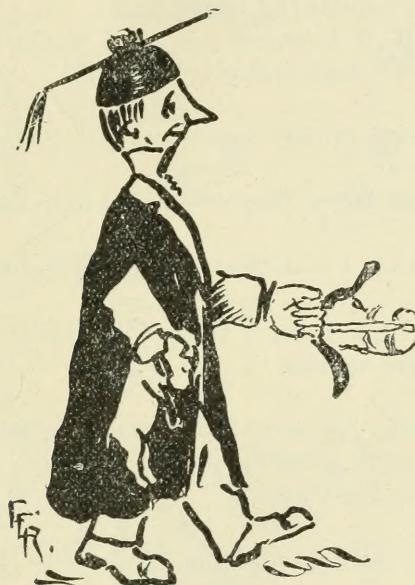
Rufus (at the dinner table)—"Ha! ha! What's that?"

McGregor—"Always be careful of your associates. A boy often becomes like what he associates with."

Delaplante—"Go on! My father is a fish dealer and I've been with fish all my life and I can't swim a stroke."

Joe—"I realize that I am not good enough for you, dearie; but will you take me for a husband?"

Sydney—"Why yes, Joe, I will. You are good enough to begin on anyway."



Which needs it most?

—“Joe will make his mark some day,”  
Said his father with delight;  
He did—but in an illiterate way,  
For he never learned to write.

Skead (much offended)—“Why Mr. M. closed the door in my face.”

A Listener—"You ought not to have had the door in your face open."

“Syd” is a regular “cut-up” now: caned again.

Eley (to Martin I.)—"That's a smart brother you have."  
Martin I.—"Yes, he's smart, but he don't know nothing."

Waterous (proudly)—"I'm one of the picked voices in our new college choir."

Shook (disgustedly)—"I hope you haven't been picked too soon."

Dingle (while writing a composition) to Ginger—"What is the difference between capital and labor?"

Ginger—"Well, if I loaned you \$5 it would be capital, and when I tried to get it back—labor is the word."

"Pretty Sidney" (to boy from country)—"Why, I've lived in Chicago for six years."

Boy—"Is that a fact? How does it feel to be sandbagged?"

First Boy—"Gee, I wished we had more History Notes at the Lit."

Second Boy—"Oh, I don't know. We don't need any when Chuck conducts the meeting."

Ault (as boy who has been called upon for a two-minute speech in the Lit. looks shyly around and says nothing)—"That's a good one. Hold it while I get a stone."

Williams—"If there is one thing I like better than another it's hash."

Hastey (after scoring the third goal)—"Go way to — I don't care, I don't care."

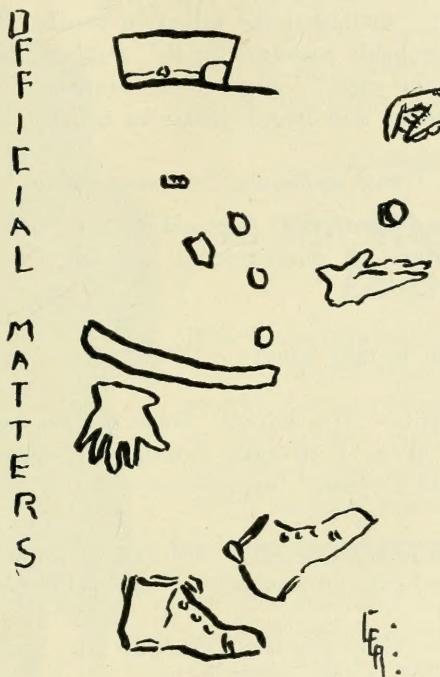
"Toddy" Munroe has left us for the remainder of the season. He has returned to Pembroke. The new city hall was to be opened and the Mayor was, of course, a prominent feature. He has promised that if we should pay him a visit he would give us the keys and lock up the police of the big city.

Joe—"No, father doesn't like it, and besides, think of it, if I should lose I couldn't put in any collection Sunday." (Of course this has no reference to betting.)

First Boy (speaking of Nicol)—“He doesn’t eat much, does he?”

Second Boy—“No, but a little goes a long way.”

Arch Wilson (before U. C. C. game)—“Gee! I hope she comes. She told me she hadn’t seen any good hockey this year.”



“Veggy” Scott (in English Class)—“Talk about continuity, why, my father can write a whole letter about a school bill.” (Applause.)

Eby Sutherland—“If I win on this game I’m going down to Eaton’s and have a um-um 25c. lunch.”

March 2nd—The Marathon boys commenced training this spring with hash as their favorite dish; also their course is laid out—the length of the hall.

I wonder why Jackson walked home from the U. C. C. game?

“Stately” Gooderham—“How dare you smoke in my presence, Lennard?”

Harry—“Well, you needn’t stay around if you don’t want to.”

O YOU DAVISON!

“Ignorance,” remarked the talkative youth, “they call bliss.”

“Oh, that probably accounts for it,” rejoined the old gentleman.

“Accounts for what?” queried the youth.

“The contented and happy look you usually wear,” the other replied.

“THE BOOKLOVER’S LATEST NOVEL.”

Practical and theoretical applications of Socialism as applied to modern systems of government. By our learned friend McMullen.

Lennard (to freight agent)—“What is the r-r-r-ate t-to Dundas?”

Freight Agent—“Ten dollars. What do you want to send?”

Lennard—“O-oh, I thought I mum-ight gugo cheaper buby fufreight, ’cause I eucan’t ‘express’ myself.”

Maw (to Mr. Taylor)—“Sir, will you carry over my detention if I go down and get you a muzzle? I mean for your dog.”

Mr. Magee—“Have you leave to study late, McKeen?”

McKeen—“All the Upper Sixth have, sir.”

Murray—“Stung again.”

This is what this weather spells:

Sweet sunshine shimmering.

Pretty posies peeping.

Robin redbreasts romping.

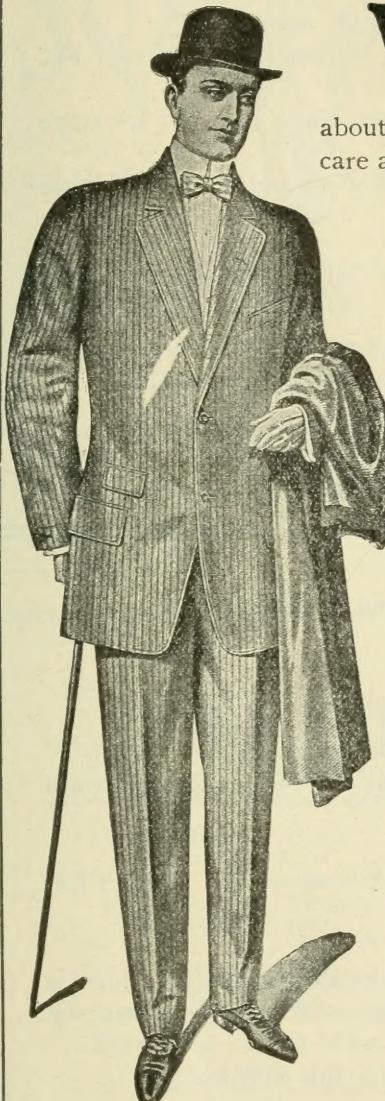
Industrious insects issuing.

Nature negotiating newness.

Green grass germinating—Life.

New Boy (admiring Chuck’s Bishop Strachan pennant)—“B. S. S.—Brantford Sunday School.”

# College Boys Who Care



about their appearance are the boys who care about their future. And the College Boy who cares about his future is the one who takes advantage—of the opportunities of to-day.

## *In the Matter of Dress*

there are several things to consider. There's style, there's quality of material and workmanship, there's fit and price. And the College Boys who stop to think of all these things cannot afford to overlook

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Fat Moore thought he had not better take any more chances in the gym., so he paid a visit to a local insurance office.

"We shall have to refuse you," said the agent.

"Why what is the matter. Am I not healthy?" retorted Fat hastily.

"Certainly, certainly, sir; but the examiner says you are twice as fat as you should be."

"That's all right. You insure half of me and I'll let the other half take its chances."

"Chuck" says that a very big secret can get out of a very small mouth.

Waterous—"I can't write and think at the same time."

B—"You are writing most of the time, are you not?"

"Rufus"—"Do you think that I'm good enough for you, darling?"

Darling—"No, Jack; but you're too good for any other girl."

P.S.—Jack was an hour and a half late in getting back to the college that night.

Frith I. in 5 B—"Do you understand French?"

"Ginger"—"At times."

Frith—"When?"

"Ginger"—"When I speak it myself."

Bell (in jeweler's shop)—"Um! ah! er, er-er! er—! he! he!"

Jeweler (to assistant)—"Bring that tray of engagement rings here."

McCarter to Smith III.—"Ah! don't tease me, Ev. I don't feel well to-day."

Mr. T. (to Shook, who is in his shirt sleeves and carrying his sword, which he has just been polishing)—"What do you mean by going around in this garb?"

Shook—"There was an undress parade this morning, sir."

Lennard (coming into Upper 6th)—"Where's Bruder McTaggart?"

Chorus (from Form)—"He's going to use his fountain pen this period."

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The Music Master—Matheson.

The Three Twins—McKinley, Skead and Maw.

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The Belle of Brittany—Fat Moore.

Miss Innocence—Nurse.

The Man Who Owns Broadway—Sydney Smith.

The Tattooed Man—McMullen.

Matheson and Shook, wholesale and “retale” payjama “tires.”  
All goods guaranteed to be “knot” perfect.

Moore (regarding person on rink)—“Who’s the flousie with the sweater and fawn skirt?”

Boy—“That’s no girl; it’s Foster with his corduroys.”

Master (at exam.)—“Is there any question that bothers you?”

Boy—“No, sir; the questions are quite plain. It’s the answers that bother me.”

Master (to McGregor, whom he saw with a snowball in his hand)—“Get a broom and clear up that snow on the floor.”

McGregor—“Sir! I’m not the janitor.”

Matheson, Davison II. and Lennard have floated a “Mental Telepathy Co.”

Master (in prayer-hall during hockey season)—“The second eleven will play Upper Canada this afternoon.”

Boys—“Sir, couldn’t we get some foolish pictures for THE REVIEW?”

Master—“Why, yes. Almost any one of you will do.”

Evans (after tenth attempt to make himself heard)—“Is there a hopeless idiot at this telephone?”

Voice at the other end (cheerfully)—“Well, not at this end.”

Master (in science period)—“What’s the most destructive force of modern times?”

Boy (without hesitation)—“The laundry, Sir.”

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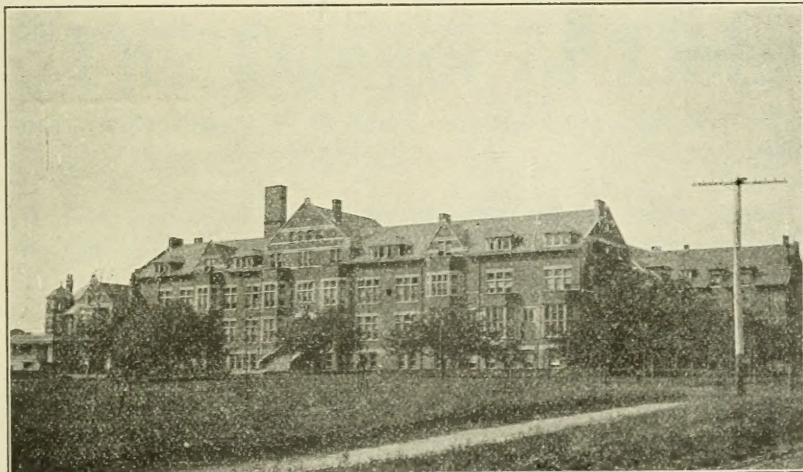
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Billy Geggie—the canny Scotchman.

V. B.—the college cut-up.

McKinley (troubled with the sniffles)—“My nose is my best friend. It will run until it drops, for me.”

Mr. T.—“Why did you kick my dog? He only sniffed at you.”

M. II.—“Well, sir, you didn’t think I would wait until he bit me, would you?”

Waterous—“Would you mind if I kissed you, dear.”

The “Dear”—“Oh, yes, Chuck; why, I would struggle; but you know I am not very strong.”

McKinley to Lennard—“Well, how do you like the new boy?”

Landry—“I don’t know him yet. I haven’t had any occasion to borrow anything from him, and I don’t believe he knows I have a tuck.”

What’s wrong with the Second Eleven?

McMullin has decided to form a Night Howlers’ Club.

“The mystery of the funny noises, or who pushed over the wardrobe.”

Mr. Chapman (to Foster)—“You’d make a better clown than Isaacs.”

Shook makes a great hit with the history notes, but when it comes to addressing the hockey team at half-time, well—it’s no place for a minister’s son.

#### CHEAP JOKES, AS HEARD BY J. A. DAVISON, ROOM 17.

Mr. Fin. (to Morton)—“You are making a lot of noise for a little soldier.”

Baird—“I don’t know where to put my feet.”

Mr. Magee—“Oh, put them around your neck.”

Baird (clapping his hands)—“Joke! Joke.”

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Hanna II.—“Sir, may I close the window? There's a draft.”  
 Mr. Tudball—“Don't talk so much, then.”

Mr. Taylor—“What battle gave Thebes her supremacy?”  
 Brown (prompted)—“Hastings, Sir.”

Hanna II. (to Mr. Laidlaw)—“Miss Brooks said you would *peddle* them around the forms.”

Mr. Laidlaw—“No, Hanna, you are mistaken. My name has never been associated with any traffic of that description.”

Algebra is the wife of Euclid.

#### AT TABLE SIX.

S——“Linda is going to marry a motorman.”  
 Ginger—“I wonder if he can *controller*? ”

#### SHAKESPEARE'S FAULTS—BY A HOCKEY MANAGER.

The Ottawa manager, worn with care,  
 Lounged in his favorite Morris chair.  
 “I'm fond of Shakespeare's style,” said he,  
 But his heroes could never play for me.

“This young chap, Romeo, wouldn't make good.  
 I don't like players with heads of wood.  
 And old Macbeth wouldn't make a hit,  
 For he couldn't handle a stick a bit.  
 When he had a job of killing to do,  
 It was up to the Missus to put it through.

“Hamlet, the Dane,” said Manager Mac,  
 “Of ginger and speed showed a mournful lack.  
 King Lear was old and tired of life,  
 And Othello was yellow—he smothered his wife.  
 Henry the Eighth was a good old scout,  
 But he had no speed; he was built too stout.

“In short,” concluded Manager John,  
 “Though we give it to Bill for his blank verse con.,  
 And respect his genius and big league mind,  
 I don't think much of the guys he signed.”



